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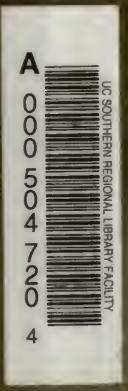

WILD OATS

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LONDON:
ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.
1906.

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WILD OATS

Where was his dwelling-place?
What was his name?—you say.
Neither this hour to-morrow, or yesterday,
Own any more to a trace of locality.
Sprung from wherever night changes to-day,
Voice of humanity.—

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ELKIN MATHEWS, VIGO STREET, W.
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PREFACE.

THE verses selected for publication in the following pages refer to a time of apprenticeship and struggle which accompanied the effort to build up, amid outward and inward misfortune, a tolerable house of life. They represent imperfectly enough some glimpse into the world of thought and feeling out of which they grew, and are the echo of the various conflicts, and the expression of them.

It is easy to see they are the work of youth, and that they have little claim to art, or adequate literary intention. Indeed, something far more urgent brought them into being, a necessity no less than that, of building from the foundations an acceptable theory of life, amid the exaggerated distress, and half-formed visions—the hints and intuitions—which accompany the passage of youth from old use and wont; from what is sanctioned and customary, to a newer and better world.

THE AUTHOR.

868759

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DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE.

WILD OATS.

When first a poet takes the pen
His thoughts and feelings to rehearse,
To lay at last his sorrows down
In the broad fatherland of verse.
Shall he who hardly dreamed to win
Through poesy so great reward,
At enmity with all he loves
Contented leave the paths untrod?—
Those griefs which now ceased blossoming
An autumn found in early spring,
Those withered leaves my verse shall sing
As grave to hide their sorrowing.

Reformer.

When there's so much of active work
To occupy the mind,
I wonder such an one as you
Should here be left behind ;
Wasting his time on idle verse,
Leaving events to take their course.
Look, note, around, how everywhere
The signs of change are in the air,
How progress vast right forward flies,
And Freedom glitters from the skies :
While despots howl, and breaking chain,
Proclaim all shall be well again.
When there's so much of active work
To help emancipating,
Whatever led, at such a time
To such an undertaking ?

The poet whispers to himself,
To save one heart from breaking.

Reformer.

We're quite ashamed to see how base
The Government's become,
Yet here you muse the time away,
In indolence at home !
Oh ! join the fight, and quickly mix
Your lot in current politics—
I'm sure you would enjoy the sight
There's bound to be a fight to-night,
Oh, to the meeting come ?

You won't ?—I must misapprehend—
It really is too bad !

The poet whispers to himself,
I would not quite go mad.

Worldling.

" Good morning " to you—Ah ! I see ;
Correcting proofs so busily,
I've just come from the town.
Suppose it pays you very well ?
I really hope that it will sell,
When you the book have done ;
And that you will find some reward
Ahem—for being rather bored.

Philosopher.

You will admit—as now so very clear—
The only thing in verse is the idea.
And so forsooth, I'd sooner write it down
In honest prose, as well as could be done.
Forgotten now, a relic of the race,
" Progress " of poetry doth take the place !

Poet.

I quite admit—as altogether clear—
All is not poetry that meets the ear.
So many people by mistake rehearse
Their thoughts in rhyme — philosophise in verse.
Ideas do not alone make poetry ;
A younger sister to the muse is she.
And when dished up as verse ideas appear
Their awkward form proclaims " philosopher ! "
Unto ideas must something wedded be,

The poet whispers—Here, the mystery !

Verse Maker.

You've very little polish got.
D'you count the syllables or not?
I like a full and sounding line,
Alliteratively divine.
And whether it mean ought or not,
Is surely quite an after-thought.

Poet.

'Tis very kind of you to say,
What passes in your thoughts to-day,
Though after all how hard to find
The motives of the human mind?
But if you ask, at such a time,
All better tasks forsaking,
What led one lone, unhappy heart,
To such an undertaking;
No better thing than this I find,
To bring me back my peace of mind;
To save one heart from breaking.

And in a world so beautiful, he found himself awaking,
Such hope returning in the place of doubt, now fast forsaking,
Such joy in every impulse felt, for life new life remaking.
Small wonder if he resteth not, till all men are partaking.

THE THRUSH.

I

One gentle evening in the Spring,
Ere yet the lilac's blossoming
Was stayed, and spikes of purple bloom,
Flung their sweet incense through the room.
While through the casement window wide,
The Spring's pale twilight entered.
A little thrush who all day long
Had made the valley ring with song ;
Now, at the closing in of day
Poured once again its minstrelsy,
As though it hardly might express
The sum of all its happiness.
With such a sense the song was fraught
Of liberty enjoyed unsought,
Morbid comparisons it brought,
With human life's conditioned lot.
The slightest work of nature's hand
The joy of life can understand ;
While man, the heir of ages born,
Is left in misery to mourn.
While thus I mused, a peal was sent,
That seemed to wake the firmament.
The stars looked down ; with deepening fire,
The twilight glowed, a smouldering pyre.
As though the song, like arrow sent,

Right through the heart of nature went ;
Even as the poet's song must be
The voice of all humanity.
"Is it"—I questioned with a sigh—
"That longings felt continually,
"Were never meant to fructify.
"Is such life's evil destiny ?
"Why am I stirred by happiness,
"If I may never it possess ?
"Why doth this bird's sweet ecstacy,
"Stir, madden, if not too in me,
"Like powers and feelings I possess,
"To hold and give forth happiness.
Out of the hour's tranquility,
It seemed as though one spoke to me :—
"That song sublime which so much stirred,
"Was in yourself a music heard,
"Awakening by the powers of love,
"Fires, which within but dimly move.
"The power that made that song divine
"Was largely power unused of thine.
"The greater part from thee was given,
"Which made that song to speak of heaven.
"This is the poet, he who can
"Discern the God-like still in man,
"The radiance of whose soul is given,
"To make the path less dusk to heaven.
"But none can sorrow's sorrow move,
"Till sorrow is cast out in love.
"And love though no less sorrow prove
"Shall be a worship gladly given
"To lead mankind the way to heaven.
"Thus from himself again set free
"Shall man redeem his liberty.
"Triumphant then shall live the brave

"And his last triumph be the grave."
And musing on the answer brought
With so much meaning for me fraught,
It seemed that I might possibly
Yet grasp with less uncertainty
Those yearnings, aspirations all
Which unexpressed my heart appal—
"Oh, could," I cried, "united be"—
"Could once become more plain to me,
"The actual as I see it here
"With those great hopes of reason clear;—
"Ah! could this world of sin and wrong
"As now I see it yet belong,
"And in its heart this ideal wear,
"Oh then were earth my heaven here!"

Again renewed from out the trees
There poured a flood of melodies—
No spirit saved made peal along
Where angel and archangel throng
The vault of heaven, more wondrous song.
As though translated from the skies
Poured such a flood of melodies—
Came such a pent-up burst of song
Pealing, increasing, loud and long:—
I watched, though almost breathlessly,
The fading splendours die.

Yet once again with higher flight,
The little thrush with all her might,
Rang out one last peal to the night,
Then like a meteor dropped from sight.

CONVERSION.

Sorrow is lovely when the way
Of sorrow shines far distantly,
When once again we walk the way
We walked once—Ah! how differently.

On Saturday, half holiday,
I took my walk the river way;
As usual, with no company
On this or any other day.
This Saturday, half holiday,
I wandered more unhappily
Than any other previously.
For I had found to my dismay
That what I learned from day to day,
But left me yet more helplessly;
That knowledge, reason, as it grew
Without an object, preyed on you.
On Saturday, half holiday,
The river scene is always gay;
This Saturday, it seemed to be
Of flood time force of gaiety.
Upon the bosom of the tide,
The pleasure steamers upward plied,
And I could hear as well as see
Another was approaching me,
By its familiar music known;
Far off, and glittering in the sun.
But even as I listened,
Faint heard, yet plaintive clear,
The sound of other music

Now hovered on the air.
And the sound which faintly floated,
Like an oft-repeated sigh
Borne nearer on the breezes,
Till it seemed to pause and die ;
Borne nearer on the breezes
Till it reached the busy hum
And commingled with the laughter,
Was the roll of funeral drum.

It was just as though the music,
Which pierced so mournfully
Through the sounds of song and laughter,
Came to point the fact to me
That I stood betwixt them either,
And my labour too was there,
And if neither called me brother,
I would love them unaware.

Oh, happy sounds of laughter,
Oh, mournful funeral beat,
Oh music, music of the world,
Too slow, my heart to greet.
From this hour will I embrace you,
And the ways that were to be
Full of sorrow, desolation,
Shall be beautiful to me.
For I stand betwixt them either,
And my labour too is there,
And if neither hail me brother,
I will love them unaware.

NATURE'S RECOMPENSE.

Both harsh and cruel seems the choice,
Great Nature's choice to one and all ;
That all the choice she ever gives
In simple truth is none at all !

And when we saw with breaking heart
That all our youth and hope were fled,
Whoever thought great Nature led
To higher, worthier joys instead !

And yet as guide doth Nature lead
Not through a glittering country fair,
But where from all we shrink aghast,
And takes her will and pleasure there.

Oh, cruel jest—yet youth hath seen
Its fondest hopes set one by one,
Seen friendship, faith, all earthly hopes
Deserted, dying, vanished, gone.

Yet knowing all the time that he
Is mocked, pursued, in his despair.
That all the world is full of joy,
Is full of joy he cannot share.

Till full the cup, see Nature turn
Her pitying, downcast, tearful face,
And on those brows so tempest tossed
The gentlest, tenderest kisses place.

And now instead of hopeless woe,
Her kisses rain upon the brow.
The sun has risen which was low,
Can this be earth we tread on now?

And who are these fresh greeting twain
Once seen, but dimly, from afar?
Not Sacrifice, and Duty now,
But Love and Faith themselves they are.

Ah! mortal, doubting Nature's laws.
Be quick, renounce, attend her call,
Content whate'er thy suffering,
And she will dower thee with all.

Oh words of hope immortal sent,
What deepest darkness can appal,
I have given all for which men strive,
And have for ever won it all.

THEN—AND NOW.

How different through the waving trees,
Sound the sweet song birds' melodies.
How different seems the sky so blue,
Once only meant to mock at you.
How different—dear is every face,
Once hostile—puckered in grimace.
How little is the wrong I see,
To that which once was wrong for me.
How wide the garment goodness wears,
For ever shining unawares.
How different is the world I see,
From what the world was formerly !—

O God ! whose great divinity,
Robes all the world's activity,
O God, who made this earth divine,
Give me the eyes to make it mine.

ALL, ALL IS WELL.

All, all, is well,
Though dark the night and dreary
Though the lone heart
Its anguish cannot tell ;
Still in the darkness,
Not in vain it uttereth
All, all is well.

And though the broken
Spirit vainly fluttereth
Pinions all torn,
Ev'n from lonely hell
Spirit divine
Still through its anguish uttereth
All, all, is well.

O hark the song of God and angels swelling,
From end to end the earth its message tell,
How for the bravest, sorest yet in travail,
God hath prepared a place near him to dwell.
All, all is well,
Whoso denieth not,
God and the angels take
With them to dwell.

SOON.

Soon the doubts that fill the day,
Sad ones weeping bitterly ;
All our doubts shall flee away,
All shall vanish utterly.

Comes from whom all doubts must hide.
Comes the universal bride.
Comes for ever to thy side
Love, with whom no tears abide.

Out of darkness, dawns the day.
Say not "Why doth Love delay."
She, apparelled gloriously,
Even now is on the way.

Love our mistress, love our guide.
Stretching far on every side ;
See the world doth perfectly,
Fitted to man's service lie.

ON THE PIER.

I was standing alone a stranger,
Far at the end of the pier,
And the people behind were crowding,
The strains of the band to hear.
But I turned my eyes to the seaward,
Which had its music for me,
And the lights shone out in the distant town
As the band played over the sea.

And there while absently musing,
The sound of the band in my ear,
Mid all the gossip and laughter
Of the idle company near.
Strange indeed was the contrast,
Almost pathetic to me,
Was the dark ship's silent, unerring course,
Over the distant sea.

Away on the distant horizon,
The line of their dark sails hung,
And to see the solemn procession
Silently, one by one,
Mid all the gossip and laughter,
The strains of the noisy band.
Well, perhaps it was weakness,
But it seemed to me so grand ;
The dark ship's silent, unerring course,
Far from the distant land.

And watching alone in silence,
I saw—or seemed to see—
Mid all the gossip and laughter
Of the idle company,
As the lights shone out in the distant town,
And the band played over the sea.
Once more I gazed on my old, old self,
Came my old self back unto me.

RECOLLECTION.

I am strong in my purpose,
I will not give way.
But let me be weak brother,
Just for one day.

Just for one hour—
One hour, and no more—
Then back to my purpose,
As strong as before.

Just for one moment,
Let memory stay.
I have nothing better,
To help me to-day.

Oh, talk now of nothing,
But what we can share.
Let the ways lie together,
And no difference appear.

Let us rest here together,
Be serious, or gay.
In the old simple manner,
Let us kneel down and pray.

Ah ! you smile—but, if once—
If we could as of yore,
All the friendship so free,
Open-hearted restore.

If again we could look,
With no more of disguise,
And with nothing withheld,
Into each other's eyes.

Then the striving alone,
In a grief which is dumb,
Yet, which speaketh in all,
To an ending would come.

THE ANGELS.

Childish illusions, too utterly vanished :—
Where are the angels that watched round our bed ?
Where are the voices encouraging, kindly ?
By which in our childhood each footstep was led.

Utterly vanished, no longer we find them
Coming to comfort us, hovering near.
The world of our childhood was peopled with visions,
Oh, why is our manhood so bleak and so drear ?

Have we done ought in our striving to silence,
Voices that whispered, our spirits which heard ?
Has wisdom at last come to mock and deride us ?
The best of its gifts to make faith seem absurd !

Ah ! if we listened, looked oftener skyward,
Humble in spirit, no longer in vain,
Weary and troubled, our manhood would find us,
Seeking to be like the children again.

THE SONG OF THE BIRDS.

If the birds did not sing,
I should really begin—
Oh, my brothers, who sigh
For the world's misery ;—
I should really begin—
I believe, I should cry.

But the birds they all sing,
And it seems then that I
Have left nothing to hate ;
Neither yet to decry.
For if they can sing,
Ah, indeed, then should I,
Who have all the world's glory,
Laid bare to my eye.

"*But the world is all black,*
Men are cruel and wrong,"
Hark, the thrush—how it sings !
I can hear its sweet song.
"*Indeed, you are careless*
Of misery's cry !"
But, my brother, they sing so ;
Why, then, should not I ?

If they sing, they are happy.
What ! oh, sorrow's thy sting,
But that some are unhappy ?—
Let us sing—let us sing.
I see new worlds rising
In spite of your cry ;
Oh, sing then my brother,
Let us try ! let us try !

And left nothing to hate,
Neither yet to decry,
Finding love in our hearts,
And a God in the sky,
Our lips must needs utter,
One long melody.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

A poet gazing on the sea,
That separates humanity
Stepped lightly o'er the gulf so wide
That doth humanity divide.

And meeting there a youth who asked
The road—to him did say;
"All roads, indeed, to heaven lead,"
There is no *only* way.

And gazing kindly in his face,
He took him by the hand
And saying "forwards let us go,"
He brought him o'er the strand.

And many more, till all the world
Were marching side by side
The thousand ways becoming one,
A poet as their guide.

But knowing hardly of their joy,
They asked him to declare
How out of all their misery,
They came so gently there.

To you and me—as now you see
The way is very wide,
And every road we travel on
Seems heavenwards to guide.

And so it needs must ever be
Where love, and joy, and sympathy,
Instead of hate and mortal strife
Adjust the difference of life.

And this is why the poet's life,
Most blest of all we find,
That he can ever feel himself,
United to mankind.

WEARY AND LONELY

Weary and lonely—what hope have I?
What now is left to treasure?
Nothing is left. Where all might please the eye
Nothing is left for pleasure.

So thought I, passing on my lonely way,
Where never love had dwelling;
But everywhere was written clear as day,
Each one his soul is selling.

Weary and lonely, what hope have I?
Can ever reign a blessing?
On that which seems to mock the passers by,
No care or love expressing.

Weary and lonely, on my homeward path
Turning away my eye,
There for my pleasure, far beyond the trees,
I saw the evening sky.

Weary and lonely, ever this have I
Wherever be my dwelling,
To watch the dear light in the evening sky
Its quiet angelus telling.

Weary or joyful, this hope have I
To watch the dear light in the evening sky,
To watch the daylight die.

A PORTRAIT.

Never—or Always.

Under the ivied wall she walks
Unstirred as the leaves behind her.
Whether she listens, or whether she talks?
Or what there is in her mind as she walks
I wonder?

You say; no love in her face you trace,—
What men call love—so you shunned her.
But passion for love is a poor grimace
And little of this can I trace in her face,
No wonder!

That face in which such a friendship lies,
With its calm, sweet grace, so gentle and wise—
Oh friend, looking black as thunder.
Do you find in those earnest, eloquent, eyes,
Nothing deeper than that which is love's dis-
guise? I wonder!

Friendship, lasting and true is rare—
Admit my friend that you blunder—
For friendship, endurance, and pity are there,
And these no love in her face declare?
I wonder!

AT ST. PAULS.

The cares that fill the day, soon drive away
Thoughts that more often come,
Feelings that better cherished are,
Where care is far from home.

Mean cares of bread—that busy dread,
Lest all our burden should not fortune wed—
What else the endless rush of anxious feet
That in the city everywhere we meet ?

The cares that fill the day, soon drive away
Hopes and endeavours, worthier far to stay.—
Yet were a heart like lead,—
Some light into that heart were surely shed,
Who first that vast Cathedral visited.

I wandered there when day to noon had come,
Up the wide steps, beneath the towering dome.
And all the place seemed filled with gravity
More deep in contrast with the busy day,
Which thundered all around upon its way.
A heedless world in haste to find its bread,
Who thy deep portals seldom visited.

"Life is too mean for reverence,
"Hath now no store
"Of that which once the mark of reverence bore."
Oh, ye who burdened—
By such base thinkers led—
The earth is still beneath your feet,
The sky is o'er your head.
Hath then not any store ?—
"*Whatever truly reverend was*
"*Is reverend evermore.*"

While folly's tongue is wise
And truth mere sophistries,
How shall the voices reach,
That peal from out the skies?
Where is the heart that hath not worshipped wrong,
Still the world's music, one grand marching song,
Shall guide his steps along.

Oh ye, whose hearts still parch
Some higher hope to feel,
In reverence still to kneel,—
Oh! clerk in City bred,
Too seldom led—
By reverend thoughts too seldom visited,
Taught by mean cares instead.
Go to that echoing aisle,
And soaring nave,
And stand beside the grave,
A hero's bed—
Oh, were thy heart like lead,
Some little light into that heart were shed,
Who that Cathedral aisle first visited.

Tombs of the mighty dead,
Which me admonished,
Made noble all the path before
Of life, which your example bore.
Tombs of the might dead,
By your great peace, and high example led,
My footsteps onward tread.

FAREWELL.

What it feels, but cannot tell,
Every heart remembers well.

Farewell, farewell, if a heart broken whisper
Be all the sad heart of its sorrow can tell
Oh ! doubt not the love, if the lips only utter
One broken farewell.

Oh doubt not the love, if in silence the minutes,
The last of our union went mournfully by,
Oh doubt not the love, if the heart overladen
Breathe no word but a sigh.

Farewell, farewell, though in silence we parted
In silence unbroken is meaning as well.
What the breaking heart feels, but the lips cannot utter
No language can tell.

Farewell, farewell, in the silence of parting
What heart having feeling, but knoweth it well,
That language, more human than word ever spoken,
Though speechless beyond its one broken farewell.

CIRCUMSTANCE.

The weight of circumstance—stupendous size :—
Still serves the course of human destinies.
As potters clay, or blocksof marble rise,
To fair proportions under master's eyes.
As marbles, precious stones, or jewels tell
Their beauty in their working—fashioned well.
So Circumstance, the brave in thee descries,
That he shall fashion, and control likewise.
Use then the circumstance which bars thy way.
As doth the potter, shaping of his clay.
And that which seemed thy master, shall be shewn—
This circumstance—to be God's kindest loan
To aid men in the race which they would run.

But Satan, or the spirit that denies,—
Whoso alike doth all things criticise,
Whose world is but the world of his own eyes ;
For him shall circumstance like giant rise !
Let fools accuse the clay they cannot shape
The marble which they cannot consecrate.
But who with faithless blindness in the strife
Accuses circumstance, accuses life !—
Accusing life, affronts God's self on high,
Who gave with life the means of victory.
Oh doubt which dries the heart,—spirit of Cain—
Of Satan withering up both heart and brain,
Oh unbelief, thy blighting, withering cry,
Is growing old. Be quick, curse God, and die !—

THE BLACKBIRD.

Oh, raptures afterglow is faint,
  Or we should understand,
How gracious are the benefits,
  Received at Nature's hand.

I wandered through a lovely land,
  When this thought came to me ;
And near a blackbird poured its song
  With wondrous minstrelsy.

Only a blackbird singing near
  On this still, sunny day,
Yet little can I tell the thoughts
  It brought me with its lay.

But this I know, that through and through
  It pierced this heart of mine,
If, full of joy unspeakable,
  No less with joy divine.

But raptures afterglow is faint !
  Or you would tell to me,
What secrets teach, when nature's voice
  Pours forth in melody.

Oh raptures afterglow is faint,
  Or we should understand,
More clearly of the moment's joy,
  Received at nature's hand.

ON THE EAST COAST.

Across the marshes where the sea
Is dragging down continually
The pastures that adjacent lie.
And where the land is pebbled o'er,
With seaweed, stones, and boulders, more
Like ocean's near approaching floor.
There lies a village known to me
Where beats, and beats, and beats the sea.

This lonely village anciently
Had famous name in history.
A city proud looked o'er the sea
Of spire, and tower, and gable high.
The seat of kings, where, day by day
The court was held all sumptuously.
And now the deep, and awful sigh
As tocsin to its history,
The murm'ring of the sea hard by
Which buried all e'erlastingly.
For all the city, so they say
Was washed, and washed, and washed way.
Except a crumbling abbey wall
Which stands above the cliff so tall,
And totters there towards the sea
In graveclothes of old majesty.
For where the cliff now lifts its head
Once stretched the wardrobe of the dead.
The bones of those long buried lie
Laid bare by washes of the sea ;
Projecting from the cliffs great height
Until they tumble out of sight.
As though the sea's devouring wave,
Claimed tribute even from the grave.

Some way above the cliff, hard by,
An old house stands reposefully,
But when at night with awful cry,
The surge leaps up the cliff on high,
The whole house trembles shudderingly,
As though it knew its end was nigh.
We wandered up one moonless night
The cliff's head to its utmost height.
Through pathway close, which suddenly,
Leads out upon the lonely sea.
And far below you hear the tide,
And far on either side the sea
Is heaving everlastingly.
And where the eye can see no more
Is heard its low and muffled roar,
For miles, and miles along the shore.

Amid the pauses of the sea
There may be heard continually
The dropping of the cliff hard by.
And you may hear in ocean's lull,
Sounds like the dropping of a skull,
As though some mitred abbot's head
From out its own last resting bed,
Was sucked into the sea instead.
One seemed to hear the shriek it gave,
Dragged down the beach by madden'd wave.
But over all, and far, and wide
Is heard the pulsing of the tide,
Weary voiced, forbidden sleep,
Deep ocean answering to deep.

PLAGIARIST !

Of all the proofs the brains are out, I wist
The surest is this shout of " plagiarist ! "
And even now a critic's pen is filling
To strangle that scarce worth the toil of killing.
For if the author borrowed all as shewn ;—
Stern critic spare—it might have been his own !
But still the truth remains, ideas are free
They can be no man's vested property.
And so thought wanders freely o'er the ground,
Which formerly the greatest may have trod.
"That Shakespeare said," "So Goethe thought," you cry,
They sought and found so ?—even so have I !

AN APOLOGY.

As we have changed, the ways have changed,
Or rather let it be;
Each see his object worthily.
Though both so differently,
That being so—what question then?
What anger need there be;
If now I serve thee differently
Still am I serving thee.

Yet if I view another scene
Wherein what once was large
Is now its proper stature given;
Why lay it to my charge
That I have seen unworthily,
For purposes unshriven,
By any such a worthy charge
As yours for reaching heaven?

Oh, grudge me not a little space,
I grudge it not to thee.
I grant thee thine activity,
Oh, do the same for me.

No motive base find I in thee,
That thou so zealous art,
'Gainst that, which seeming wrong to thee.
Must needs affront thy heart.
Nor think less well, if for that wrong
So hateful, seen by thee,
For that same wrong, if one poor heart
Should melt in sympathy.

Oh, grudge me not this little spot,
A home in which to dwell.
For I have climbed hitherward,
But out of lonely hell.

STRANGERS!

I think for some uncertain cause
Though strange and far from home,
That denizens of other spheres
Do through our planet roam.

Who find in all established things—
Though doomed awhile to stay—
The clipping of their soaring wings,
Their home, from far away.

Who set their rules of conduct here
By standards from another sphere;
And read in stars, and twilight skies,
Their more than human destinies.

Yet not unrecompensed their way.
Like music from afar,
Come visions of an imperial day,
To hope's attentive ear.

LOVE'S TRIAL.

Ah ! how it glittered, life's beautiful morning ;
How the sun shone on the dew-spangled way,
Recking not then of the hours of trial,
Of the fiery ordeal, for the children of day.

Fools !—for we thought we had only to whisper
Our love and our longing for others to feel,
But they turned from our tale, as from madmen or strangers
With doubt, nay denial of all our appeal.

'Till Love on the ruins of love unrequited,
Her mantle close wrapped to her beautiful head,
Wages with death and despair her last battle,
Her features of marble, no tear left to shed.

But God for her sorrow, in love to her yearning,
Whispered, 'My child, there is hope yet for thee.'
To love and be loved not, most mortals have sighted.
The goal is not yet of Love's great victory.

To love, and love on in a world where love is not ;—
Oh, my child, this most precious of all is to me,
Who have loved, and loved on, unreturned, unrequited,
Save for the love of such children as thee.

MARCHING SONG.

Oh, hark ye my brothers,
Oh, hark to the calling,
The cry near is ringing
Is ringing for thee ;
That the days are approaching
For which all are watching ;
That seen in the dawning
Is great Liberty.

Oh hark ye my brothers,
Oh hark to the calling
Of those who are falling
In marching array.
Oh join in rejoicing,
Oh join them in marching
For the break of the morning
Flames up o'er the way.

Oh heed not the warning,
Oh heed not the scorning
Of those would betray us,
Our cause would betray.
Into other ranks falling
Of hatred and scorning,
Denying the dawning
Of great Liberty !

Choose now of the leaders,
Choose now of the pleaders,
Is it Love who should lead us ?
Is it Love then—or they ?
Will ye hatred and clamour
Were inscribed on our banner ?
Or Love who can lead you
Will never betray ?

With Love on our banner,
Scorning hatred and clamour,
Love only shall lead us
Shall shew us the way.
We march to the morning,
We march to the dawning,
To the coming in splendour
Of great Liberty !

SYMPATHY.

Dear comforter, sweet sympathy,
  Thy voice, whoever hears,
Finds all his sorrow vanishing
  And all his fears.
Oh, Sympathy, life without thee,
  Were hard indeed to tears.

Dear comforter, sweet sympathy,
  It seemeth, oh, so well,
That each to one another should
  His soul's aspiring tell.
So gathering untiring strength
  Through force of friendship's spell.

Dear comforter, in misery,
Oft have I cried to thee.
Alone, I cannot still pursue,
The only way that seemeth true.
Oh, sympathy, untiring,
Help thou my soul's aspiring.

Dear comforter, sweet sympathy,
Ah, leave us not alone.
The way—the hope so dazzling bright—
Without thee, dimmed is all its light
And we are left to mourn.
Oh, sympathy, sweet sympathy,
Remain, be still our own.

Dear comforter, life without thee
Were hard indeed to tears,
Yet, whoso would the servant be
To voices that he hears
Far sounding o'er the stormy sea
Of human hopes and fears.
Who to his soul's best hope is true,
Ah, sympathy shall mourn for you.

Oh, sympathy, sweet sympathy,
Great is our need of thee.
Yet, doth the whispering voice demand
Far higher loyalty,
Strong and untiring, with or without thee,
To press still on, through faith to victory.

FRIENDS.

In weaker moments unaware,
I said "my friends shall with me share
All hopes along the path of life"
Thus making stronger for the strife.

A friend 's a friend,
I would not flout 'em,
For it is hard,
To do without 'em.

But though I care no less for friends
Than those who friends have round about.
And though in weaker moments I
Can hardly dare trudge on without.

Though friends are friends,
I would not flout 'em—
If they stay not,
I'll do without 'em.

ÆOLUS.

A thousand instruments vibrating swell,
The woods and waves unite in passionate voice,
Sweeping harmonious through the void of night,
A voice like Freedom's peals, rejoice ! rejoice !
I gazed into the darkness of the night,
Grey, passionless, and all the moonlight fled.
Imagination waking at the sound
Dim hosts perceives, close ranked, and banners spread.
In such Æolian interchange of sound,
Oh, who would paint the language of a sigh ?
Chains of mortality do drag us down
And passionate life becomes calamity.
Fresh æry squadrons join, renew the strain,
And soars again sublime, what erst did wane.

SONG.

Bravely and hopefully
Press we still on,
Grateful for all
That the sun shines upon.
Guide us, O Father,
Lead us, we pray.
Helpless alone
To interpret the way.

Life were too heavily
Bitterly trod,
Knew we no father
Felt we no God.
Life hath no terror
When we can say,
Guide us, O Father,
Shew us the way.

Leaving to nature
Leaving to God
To guide and protect us,
Kissing the rod—
This is the pathway
Heroes have trod.

Guide us, O Father,
Teach us the way,
Thy sorrowing children
In penitence pray;
Bravely and hopefully,
Still pressing on,
Grateful for all
That the sun shines upon.

ON THE DUTY OF STOPPING AT HOME.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain."

The art which most I cultivate
In man's so civilized estate—
The art through which with measured beat
The days go by on joyful feet ;
Is just this art—why don't you try ?
Of letting—Oh ! so much go by.

One interest there, another here
Consumes our time. In needless fear
We rush to keep at equal pace
With life's mean, empty, greedy race.
Neglecting thus continually
This lore of letting much go by.

And so we push, and fret, and strive,
Yet time's no faster than before.
The ancient dignity of men
Was not in having any more—
But just this art—Why don't you try ;
Of letting—Oh ! so much go by.

I do not mind that in the press
My portrait has not yet appeared.
I cannot even fret to find
Naught that I ever said was cheered.
For though I lack the praise of men
The stars still glitter in the sky,
This thought doth calmer feelings lend,
And thus I let so much go by.

Oh—let it pass, life's fitful fever,
Hurry no more—'twill soon be done.
And there is ever to believer
The thought of how its race was run,
Then brother will you rest and try,
The peace of letting much go by.

GENIUS.

" Genius," saith one,—no doubt a seer—
" Like unto meteor doth appear.
" Flashed for a moment through the sky,
" Then disappearing instantly.
" And foolish mortals may not know,
" What brought it, or what made it go."
While others say,—" to few 'tis given,
" The divinely ordered will of heaven ! "

Now difference no doubt we see
Dividing human faculty.
But is it true, we cannot trace
Its general features in the race ?
To what would you the power impute
Which may not claim this attribute ?
Though Shakespeare's genius be divine,
From whence that little gift of thine ?
And has the source less wondrous grown
Of pebble, than of precious stone ?

In every faculty I see
The same law everlastingly.
God's presence shining everywhere,
Though in degree—not here or there—
And " genius," that of which we trace
So little likeness in the race,
Or less, or more, is still to me
The one sole power eternally.
God's mighty gift original
On which we either rise or fall.

THE "INSANITY OF GENIUS."

"Genius," God's gift from out the skies !—
Not this it is in any wise,
The product rather, if you please
Of drink, and lust, and foul disease.

To preach against such views were vain,
As reason urged on the insane.
Oh God ! have mercy upon men
Give back to them their souls again.

And Genius, manhood's noblest prize,
Consider not the blasphemies,
Of some bereft of brains and eyes.

THE PROMISE OF REASON.

" We bid you be of hope."—*Goethe.*

Ah who can doubt, if reason's hour
Doth give us grounds for hope ;
That what we feel the power to do
Shall all at last find scope.

That all the aspirations felt
The longings of the breast,
Shall in their due maturity
Be all of them expressed.

All that we ever dreamed to win
Or ever dared to hope—
When shrivelled as a scroll shall be
This time through which we grope—
Safe in the all sustaining arms
Where the stars sing, nor death alarms—
There shall it all find scope.

WHAT ART IS.

How few know what art is,
How many who care?
Though art is—what art is,
How few in her share.

Now tell me what art is?
You :—artist, declare!
"Art is—what art is."
"Great mystery there."

A VISIT TO COTHELE, DEVON.

A cloudy background, where the sun
In fitful gleams of beauty shone.

Shall never more my footsteps trace,
That dear, that old, familiar place.
Is now the past so loved by me,
A grave, where bells toll mournfully?
O'er every pleasure we have known—
O'er every sweetest pleasure gone—
Oh say not—"as a dream have been"
"Those many pleasures we have seen."
Oh, speak not of them as a grave
Wherein is nothing we may save.

The lofty buildings, terraced wall,
I see them all, I see them all.
I see the hills, where long ago
I watched the clouds of summer go,
Their drowsy, idle, summer's pace,
Like laggards toiling in a race—
And o'er the hills their shadows fall;
I see them all, I see them all,
As though they threw their cloaks away
Upon this sultry summer's day.

Oh, happy land of long surprise,
For where the loveliest foreground lies,
There peep the loveliest hills and skies,
And valleys slumbering, with the gleam
Of sunlight on a rocky stream,
Refreshing with its cooling roar,
With mountain ashes bending o'er.

Oh land of ever new surprise,
For where the woodland thickest lies,
And nigh a manor's ancient walls,
A height of precipice appalls—
And gazing from the rocky top
O'er swaying pines, that breezes rock
Far, far below a distant gleam,
Reveals the winding Tamar's stream.
So wide and vast the landscape lies
One seems to watch from out the skies.
Hill after vale, vale after hill
The dazzled eyes with wonder fill.
No rest from ever new surprise
Scene after scene to feast the eyes.

And here where Nature lord's it o'er,
Art yet would seem to offer more.
Far from all sight of human face—
Which rose and foxglove take the place.
A way, once you had travelled o'er,
Could seem to lead to nothing more,
So endless is the winding grace
And beauty of the fairy place—
Still journey on, and you will find
The best in what remains behind.

And now the flowers so thickly grew,
One plucked them driving slowly through,
So close they nodded to the face.
One hid one from the flowers embrace,
And hardly now the sky was seen,
So thick the foliage grew between.
Still on, and through a gate, and o'er
A flowering meadow land before,
A winding park-like drive we trace
Mid ancient trees proportioned grace.

Now gates again before us lie,
And further signs of company.
A tired yeoman trudging on ;
A woodstack piled, some labour shewn ;
As though it blessed some human face,
For all the quiet of the place.

But soon come other signs to one :
The answering cock, the watch dog's moan.
And to the sky, a column blue
Of smoke—which, where the pigeons coo,
Seen through the pines appears to you.
But more, the impressions strange that come
When nearing any ancient home.

And now at last the horses wait
Beside a massive entrance gate,
And walking through with sense of awe
We stand before a courtyard door.
With time enough to gaze, and trace
The features of the ancient place—
The massive doors, and windows high,
Of hall, and chapels majesty.
The bell tower, and entrance gate
Where peeping through the horses wait.
The gabled roofs, and chimneys tall,
And silence reigning over all.
Silence reigning everywhere
Save for the swallows chattering there.

But now at last the echoes wait
On listening ears, and tall, sedate,
An aged butler ope's the door,
And asking, if a visitor
May see the grand old place, we wait
For answer from the man sedate.

I know of nothing more to me
Affecting in their majesty
Than these old honoured guests of time,
The work of manhood's noblest prime.
Where joyful fancy loves to trace
An artist's hand in every place.
To know that toil—the humblest part,
If truly done, that there is art.

We gazed about the silent hall,
The ancient chairs, the pannelled wall
The warped oak table, staircase nigh
And solemn timbered roof on high.
And having leave we wander where
From out the hall ascends the stair.
And looking gravely from their place
Old portraits stare us in the face,
And every sound upon the stair
Is some old knight or lady there.
Perhaps, had one the care to know
What in the place affects us so,
What in the place affected me
So deeply, though unconsciously :—
The undisturbed and calm repose
Which out of years unnumbered rose,
The proofs of continuity,
The hopes which in endurance lie.

And wandering on from room to room,
Through passages of vaulted gloom,
Or pleasant sunny chambers high,
Whose latticed windows traced the sky,
We lingered yet, in fear to part
From that which lay so near the heart,
With memories sweet, and beauty's glow,
From long, unnumbered years ago.

But time at last must call away
Our fancy from the scene to-day,
And lonely steps we must retrace,
And sigh to leave so fair a place,
Where all that's best, and greatest glows,
In long, and undisturbed repose.
Oh, pardon then a tear or two
A poet sheds on leaving you.
Oh, pardon then a moment's shame,
That all he meets is not the same.

Farewell, dear scene, farewell to thee
Dear Kelly College memory.
Oh farewell, for a nearer place
Around my heart in long embrace.
And should my footsteps ne'er retrace
That dear, that old familiar place.
The heart again will journey o'er
Those well remembered scenes of yore.
And loving thoughts, will make appear,
Their joys e'en fairer than they were.

Then say not: "as a dream have been,"
"Those sweetest pleasures we have seen,"
Oh, speak not of them as a grave,
Wherein is nothing we may save!

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